Hor. A trowant disposition, my good Lord.
Ham. Nor shall you make mee truster
Of your owne report against your selfe:
Sir, I know you are no trowant:
But what is your affaire in *Elsenoure?*
Hor. My good Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.
Ham. O I pre thee do not mocke mee fellow studient,
I thinke it was to see my mothers wedding.
Hor. Indeede my Lord, it followed hard vpon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my deerest foe in heauen
Ere euer I had seene that day *Horatio*;
O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father.
Hor. Where my Lord?
Ham. Why, in my mindes eye *Horatio.*
Hor. I saw him once, he was a gallant King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not looke vpon his like againe.
Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight,
Ham. Saw, who?
Hor. My Lord, the King your father.
Ham. Ha, ha, the King my father ke you.
Hor. Ceasen your admiration for a while
With an attentiue eare, till I may deliuer,
Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen
This wonder to you.
Ham. For Gods loue let me heare it.
Hor. Two nights together had these Gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night.
Beene thus incountered by a figure like your father,
Armed to poynt, exactly *Capapèa*
Appeeres before them thrise, he walkes
Before their weake and feare oppressed eies
Within his tronchions length,

While

While they distilled almost to gelly.
With the act of feare stands dumbe,
And speake not to him: this to mee
In dreadfull secresie impart they did.
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had deliuered forme of the thing.
Each part made true and good,
The Apparition comes: I knew your father,
These handes are not more like.
Ham. Tis very strange.
Hor. As I do liue, my honord lord, tis true,
And wee did thinke it right done,
In our dutie to let you know it.
Ham. Where was this?
Mar. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watched.
Ham. Did you not speake to it?
Hor. My Lord we did, but answere made it none,
Yet once me thought it was about to speake,
And lifted vp his head to motion,
Like as he would speake, but euen then
The morning cocke crew lowd, and in all haste,
It shruncke in haste away, and vanished
Our sight.
Ham. Indeed, indeed sirs, but this troubles me:
Hold you the watch to night?
All We do my Lord.
Ham. Armed say ye?
All Armed my good Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
All. My good Lord, from head to foote.
Ham. Why then saw you not his face?
Hor. O yes my Lord, he wore his beuer vp.
Ham. How look't he, frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, verie pal